

# ANYTHING GOES!



## TURTLES!

Eastman  
Laird  
85

# ANYTHING GOES!

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# WHO'S WHO

## RYAN BROWN

Ryan Brown has published two issues of his own comic *Ron 2950* and does the pop music satire strip *Blockade* for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. He and Jim Lawson (of *Beats Like Rave* fame) are now collaborating to help fill the public's endless Ninja Turtle appetite in *Tales of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, from Mirage Studios.

## ROBERT CRUMB

Robert Crumb's cartooning career began in the playpen. A compulsive cartoonist from age three, he and his brother Charles drew their own comic books throughout their childhood, sometimes with sister Carol and brother Maxon. He was heavily influenced by funny animal comics (particularly those of Carl Barkis), Walt Kelly, Harold Grey, and the early *Mad*. In the Fall of 1968, he and Charles published three issues of *Foo*, a *Mad*-style parody magazine with money they earned on summer jobs. It was his first work to appear in print, and unwittingly established a pattern of independent publishing which would continue to the present day. From 1963 to 1967 he worked off and on for the American Greeting Card Company, producing several hundred cards in that time. During that period he had several cartoons and strips printed in *Harvey Kurtzman's* *Help!*, but generally couldn't find an outlet for his more personal work. In 1967, inspired by LSD, some funny animal comics from the '40s he rediscovered, and a general disgust with the straight world, he quit his job and moved to San Francisco. From there he began contributing to underground papers like *Yippies* and the *East Village Other*. In 1968 he published *Zap #1*. Though not the first underground comic, it became the inspiration for the entire movement. In the following years he became the Cartoonist Laureate of the counter-culture. His cartoons and illustrations appeared in underground newspapers, posters, record albums, comics, books, advertisements, and on an uncounted number of unauthorized products. His experiences with mainstream publishers and filmmakers were uniformly unpleasant. While the underground press withered away in the mid-70s, Crumb was one of the few cartoonists who was able to continue in the underground mode. In 1981 he began yet another magazine, *Wendo*, which was to become a forum for new cartoonists (it is now edited by Aline Kominsky). His latest project is *Rap*, a new solo comic scheduled to come out twice a year from Last Gasp. Also coming this year from Fantagraphics Books is the first volume of *The Complete R. Crumb Comics*, a mammoth project expected to fill more than 76 volumes, reprinting all of Crumb's strips and most of his illustrations and surviving sketchbooks, from 1958 to the present. Any collectors who would like to help (particularly those with original art, obscure underground papers, and American Greeting Corp. or Topps material) are encouraged to write Gary Groth at Fantagraphics Books, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301.

(continued on inside back cover)



## THE ROAD TRIP

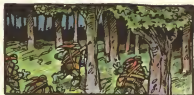
A KEVIN EASTMAN,  
PETER LAIRD, AND  
RYAN BROWN  
PRODUCTION

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# "A HISTORY of SEX"

In the beginning ...  
It all started in the first single-cell  
bars...



Evolution brought variation, and  
soon the first females appeared...



With variation came  
confusion.



Freud postulated many  
interesting theories.



But, people continued to  
repress their desires...



Some became  
deviates...



...Others became  
famous.



A few gave in to their  
urges.

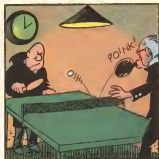




We've tried to  
hide it...

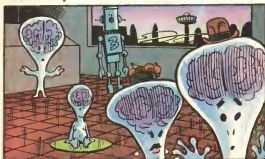
...Ban it...

... And ignore it!



At this rate, we could all be in for a nasty shock a  
few billion years down the road ...

It's an approaching  
Nightmare!



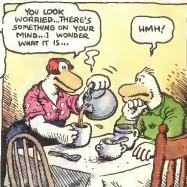
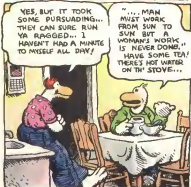
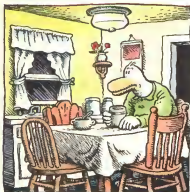
Yep, we could all learn something from our Ancestors!!!



# The Goose and the Gander Were Talking One Night

BY R. CRUMB

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R. CRUMB  
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...BUT WHY DO YOU  
THINK WE'RE DOOMED?

...AND I DON'T  
THINK I'M A CRAZY  
PERSON... I'M A PRETTY  
AVERAGE GUY... JUST  
YOUR NORMAL, EVERY-DAY  
GOOSE... I GIVE A JOKE  
AND TAKE A JOKE...  
NOTHING SPECIAL...



...BUT WHY—

WHY DO I THINK  
WE'RE DOOMED?  
OH, I BUNNO... IT'S  
EVERYTHING, I GUESS...  
JUST THE WAY THE  
HUMAN RACE KEEPS  
GOING HEAD-ON WITH  
POPULATION AND  
TECHNOLOGY AND  
ALL THAT...



IT SEEMS TO BE  
BUILDING UP TO SOME  
GIANT CATASTROPHE...  
YOU TAKE THESE GUYS  
THAT ARE GOING AHEAD  
WITH ALL THESE NUCLEAR  
POWER PLANTS—AND  
THAT'S JUST ONE THING!  
THERE ARE THOUSANDS  
OF THINGS LIKE THAT  
GOIN' ON!

JEEZIZ...



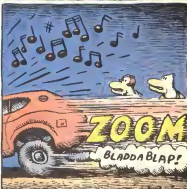
...IT MAKES ME  
FEEL SO HELPLESS!!  
I CAN'T SEE ANY WAY TO  
STOP THE PROCESS!  
WHAT CAN I DO? I'M  
JUST A GOOSE!

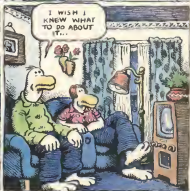
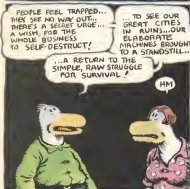


IT'S THAT  
FEELING OF  
HELPLESSNESS  
IN THE FACE OF  
IT THAT'S SO  
HORRIBLE!

IF I COULD  
THINK OF SOME  
WAY TO —

LOOK  
OUT!





"BARRY CZAR HERE. I'VE BEEN KNOCKING AROUND THE GALAXY AS AN INTERSTELLAR GUMSHOE FOR LONGER THAN I'D CARE TO REMEMBER. BEINGS WHO KNOW ME CALL ME CAPTAIN BIZARRE. AMONG OTHER THINGS, I'M A RETIRED CAPTAIN OF THE VOLTAS INSURRECTION BACK IN '08.



"WHEN I GOT THE BRAYOGRAM FROM RALPH BELTMOORE IN THE DALMAR SYSTEM I ANSWERED WITH GUARDED RESERVATIONS. HE HAD BEEN IN MY OUTFIT IN VOLTAS AND I'D ALWAYS CONSIDERED HIM A SLEAZE, BUT THE RETAINER HE SENT OF 2600 UNITS PERSUADED ME TO CHECK IT OUT. I NEEDED THE CASH AS USUAL."



THERE IT IS. YOU'RE LOOKING AT A DINOSAUR, REB. THE LAST OF ITS KIND, A GIPSY CIRCUS.



**CAPTAIN BIZARRE**  
-- interstellar gumshoe

**THE SUPER-COLOSSAL, ALL GALACTIC, BELTMOORE BROTHERS, MEGA-MOMENTOUS CIRCUS AND MEDICINE SHOW**

STORY AND ART: DON LOMAX

LETTERING: STEVE HAYNIE

"THE POPULISTS OF THE UNINCORPORATED OUTPOST WHERE I WAS TO MEET BELTMOORE CALLED IT 'RIGHTEOUS' AS A JOKE MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE. BUT SINCE IT NEVER HAD AN OFFICIAL NAME, THE LABEL STUCK. JUST A WORTHLESS PIECE OF SPACE DUST ON THE FRINGS OF KNOWN SPACE WHERE THE UNSAVORY COULD INDULGE THEIR NAUGHTY LITTLE PILGRIMAGES INTO CRIME."



BETTER PACK THE LASER, SKIP. THERE ARE DOZENS OF HARDCORE SCOUNDRELS DOWN THERE!

THE COLT'S ALWAYS SEEN ME THROUGH BEFORE, REB. DON'T SEEM RIGHT TO CHEAT ON HER.



"CALL ME OLD FASHIONED, BUT COPS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS LOT, AND THOUGH SHE SPITS OUT ANTIQUATED, GAS-PROPELLED LEAD PELLETS, SHE DOES IT WITH A VENGEANCE... AND BESIDES SHE GETS LONELY."



"RIGHTS, A CESSPOOL WHERE LAWLESS BARBARIANS THRIVE."



"AND THIS NIGHT THE BARBARIANS THRIVED."

"THEN I HEARD A FAMILIAR, CHILLING VOICE."



"WELL, IT'S SURE AS HELL ABOUT TIME, SIZAKRE... THE BARGE IS OUTFITTED AND WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO WARP OUT OF HERE, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?"

"BELTMOORE... HIS USUAL, PLEASANT SELF."

"NEVER MIND LAKE EXCUSES, LET'S GO. TIME IS MONEY!"

"I CAN SEE THIS IS GOING TO BE A LOT OF FUN. WHAT SOME PEOPLE WON'T DO FOR A FEW UNITS."



"AS I FOLLOWED BELTMOORE FROM THE PUB I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A PROBLEM DEVELOPING IN THE SHADOWS BY THE DOOR..."



"BELTMOORE! LOOK OUT!"



"GNA CRASH"

"I FIRED TWICE MORE... I HAD HAD TOO MANY LIFE OR DEATH ENCOUNTERS WITH DOZENS OF ALIEN TYPES TO TAKE A CHANCE... SOME SPECIES TOOK A LOT OF KILLING!"



"BOOM BOOM"

"AS I HOLSTERED MY COLT I GOT THE REACTION I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED FROM BELTMOORE."



"WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, WAR HERO... APPLAUSE FOR DOING WHAT I PAY YOU FOR?"

"I LEFT REB TO FOLLOW IN THE DIVE AND IN NO TIME WE WERE WARPING TOWARD THE NEXT STOP ON THE CIRCUS' SCHEDULE. A MINING OUTPOST IN THE SOLOMONY SECTOR."

"WRONG. NOT JUST A MINING OUTPOST. THE LARGEST, AND WITHOUT A DOUBT, THE MOST LAWLESS CAMP IN 1000 LIGHT YEARS. THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN. I WANT YOU TO SET UP SECURITY FOR THE SHOW."

"WE PLAYED THERE THREE YEARS AGO. THINGS GOT OUT OF HAND. THE MINERS GOT ROWDY AND THEY TRASHED THE ENTIRE BARGE. NEARLY DESTROYED IT AND PUT ME OUT OF BUSINESS."

"UNFORTUNATELY I SIGNED A CONTRACT TO DO TWO SHOWS WITHIN THREE YEARS. I'LL LOSE MY LICENSE IF I DON'T PRODUCE. THIS TIME, IF THINGS GET ROWDY I WANT YOU TO END IT EVEN TO THE POINT OF **EXTREME PREJUDICE**. IS THAT CLEAR?"

"WHAT ARE WE TALKING... 100 MAYBE 200 IN THE AUDIENCE?"

"ARE YOU KIDDING? WHEN WE WERE THERE THREE YEARS AGO THERE WERE IN EXCESS OF 20,000 WORKING THREE SHIFTS. AND SONNY BOY WE'RE THE ONLY SHOW IN TOWN."

"SONS OF SATAN. I CAN'T SECURE THIS PIECE OF SPACE JUNK AGAINST 20,000 OUT OF CONTROL MINERS!"

"SO HIRE SOME OF YOUR POST-WAR STRESSED BUDDIES... THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM. I'LL PAY YOU A FLAT RATE OF 50,000 UNITS... HOW YOU DISTRIBUTE IT IS YOUR BUSINESS."

"CLIP OF COFFEE, MR. CZART."

"WHY YOU LOVELY LADY... YOU'RE THE TRAPEZE ARTIST'S THE SISTERS GEMINI. I SAW YOU ON THE HANDBILLS."

"BELTMOORE IS A REAL SWEETHEART. I DON'T HET YOU KNOW HE KILLED HIS OWN BROTHER TO GET HIS SHARE OF THE CIRCUS. OF COURSE, NO ONE CAN GET ANY PROOF. ANYONE WHO GETS CLOSE MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT..."

"WHY DO YOU STAY?"

"WE ALL HAVE A PAST WE'D LIKE TO FORGET. HE HAS LEVERAGE AGAINST US ALL... IF WE WALK THE COPS GET AN ENVELOPE AND WE'RE HEADED FOR THE PENAL COLONY ON GLIDOK-5."

"LIKE YOU SAY... HE'S A REAL SWEETHEART."



"I SENT THE BEAMGUNS THEY CAME TO HELP, AS THEY ALWAYS DID, WITHOUT QUESTIONS. GRENADE, STROKER, KILL-ZONE, AND MERCHANT..."

CAPTAIN... IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, I SEE YOU'RE STILL MARRIED TO THAT BLUE-STEEL BEAUTY.

YOU KNOW ME, STROKER. I'M A ONE WOMAN MAN...

"BUT WHEN THE SHOW WAS SET, BELTMOORE'S DREAM OF A FAT TAKE WAS DASHED..."

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

A WELL SIR, WE IS ALL THERE IS...

WHAT? WHERE ARE ALL THE PEOPLE?

GONE. BEEN GONE NEAR SIX MONTHS... THE MINES PLAYED OUT, THEY WENT ELSEWHERE. ME AND THE MISSUS AND THE BOY ARE ALL WHAT'S LEFT... I'M THE CARETAKER...

YOU MEAN THERE AIN'T GONNA BE NO SHOW?

SURE THERE IS, SONNY... IT'S TRADITION... THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

THAT'S IT, PACK IT UP... LET'S GO! ANOTHER LOST BOX OFFICE... DAMN!

HEY KILL-ZONE, Toss ME ANOTHER BAG OF PEANUTS...

YEAH, I'LL TAKE ONE TOO.

WOW, THIS IS GREAT. MISTER BIZARRE TOO BAD IT'S ALMOST OVER...

MERCY YES AS MANY AS YOUR LITTLE HEART DESIRES

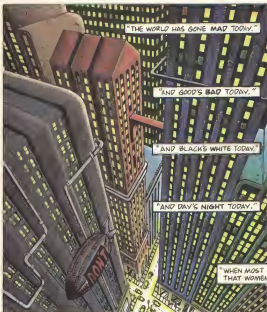
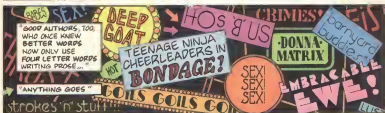
DON'T WORRY TOMMY MR. BELTMOORE WILL BE GLAD TO HAVE A SECOND SHOW. ISN'T THAT RIGHT MR. BELTMOORE?

THE END



"IN OLDER DAYS  
A GLIMPSE OF STOCKINGS  
WAS LOOKED ON  
AS SOMETHING SHOCKING..."

"NOW, HEAVEN KNOWS--ANYTHING GOES."



"THE WORLD HAS GONE MAD TODAY."

"AND GOD'S BAD TODAY."

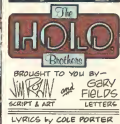
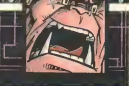
"AND BLACK'S WHITE TODAY."

"AND DAY'S NIGHT TODAY."

"WHEN MOST GUNS TODAY  
THAT WOMEN PRIZE TODAY..."



"ARE SILLY GIGOLOS."

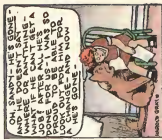


# Little Orphan Annie

The year is 1931, Herbert Hoover is president, and the United States is heading into the deepest depths of the depression, but Annie has seemingly found a safe harbor with "Daddy" Warbucks. Just when it seems that Annie's wandering is over, a nefarious conspiracy of bankers strips "Daddy" of his fortune, and he and Annie disappear among the ranks of the forgotten men. "Daddy," combated and demoralized, drifts from mental job to mental job, when he can find work at all. Annie, meanwhile, has found a job at Jake's grocery, where her high spirits and bargaining savvy are building a thriving trade. As our story opens, Annie has convinced an old acquaintance, Mr. Walsh, to offer "Daddy" a job with a future....

The full story of the fall and rise of "Daddy" Warbucks, from which these strips are excerpted, can be found in *Little Orphan Annie Book One*, the first complete, sequential publication of any Annie run ever—available for \$12.95 (plus \$2.00 postage and handling) from FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301.

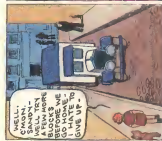
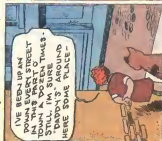
## Little Orphan Annie: Gone!



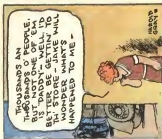
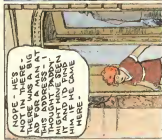
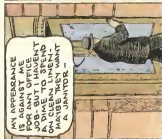
Little Orphan Annie: Discussing The Departed!



Little Orphan Annie: Close



Little Orphan Annie: So Near Yet So Far



Little Orphan Annie: Hired





Little Orphan Annie: Still No Word From "Daddy"





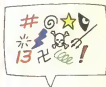
FOR FREEDOM OF  
SPEECH, DREAMERS  
AND COMIX.

©MKRAGER



ACCUSED OF  
RUFFLING FEATHERS  
AND DISTURBING THE  
NEST, I WAS  
FOUND GUILTY OF  
LEAVING THE FLOCK.

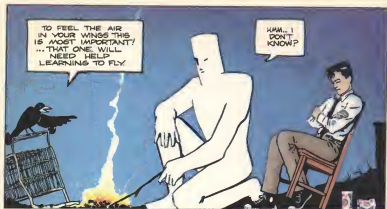
I PROTESTED



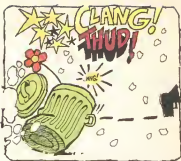
THEY CROWED AND CAWED.







# Gwendolyn Wretch





DEAR WRETCHED OCCUPANT,  
THIS IS TO LET YOUSE  
KNOW YOU DIDN'T WIN A  
TRIP AROUND THE WORLD  
AND A MILLION BUCKS  
IN MY BIG SECRET  
CONTEST!

© TOM SUTTON '72



WHILE IT IS TRUE YOU  
DIDN'T WIN THE SUPER  
FIRST PRIZE (HEH-HEH!)  
IN MY SECRET CONTEST  
WRETCH, YOU ARE ABOUT  
TO RECIEVE A SPECIAL  
WRETCHED LOSERS  
PRIZE! READY?



© TOM SUTTON '72

# Gwendlyn Wretch

# Gwendlyn Wretch

by  
© TOM SUTTON '72

I WON  
THIS  
PIANO

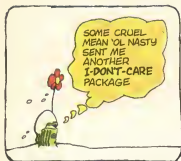
AIN'T  
IT  
GRAND!

GOOD THING  
I WASN'T  
STANDIN'  
IN THE  
MIDDLE OF  
THE  
ROOM  
WHEN  
ME PRIZE  
ARRIVED

IT WAS LAST PRIZE  
IN NASTY'S SECRET  
CONTEST

INTERESTIN' TO  
PONDER WHAT  
FIRST PRIZE  
MIGHT'VE  
BEEN

I'M WONDERIN' IF PERCHANCE  
THERE'S NOT A DOCTOR OUT  
THERE PRACTICED IN  
REMOVIN' PIANOS FROM  
PERSONS EARS?



# From the Beginning...

For more than two decades the boundless imagination of Robert Crumb has left readers scrambling for superlatives. What it all boils down to is that you have to experience the funniest and most original cartoonist of our time for yourself. Now, for the first time, **The Complete Crumb Comics** collects all the major strips, cartoons, illustrations, and sketchbooks, including hundreds of pages never before published in the U.S. **The Complete Crumb Comics** will include:

- ★ The Crumb comics: Every published cartoon and comic strip from Fritz the Cat to Wierdo and beyond
- ★ All the original covers and other material in color
- ★ Illustrations, posters, album jackets, magazine covers, and rare early advertising art
- ★ The Sketchbooks of R. Crumb: A work of art in themselves, the sketchbooks are filled with cartoons, drawings, experiments, unpublished strips, and personal commentary from throughout his career
- ★ Each volume will have a new cover by Crumb and an introduction by Crumb's longtime fellow-traveller, Marty Puhls.

*The Complete Crumb Comics* Volume I will feature 120 pages of never-before-published art from Crumb's earliest surviving sketchbooks, including *Foo*, Robert and Charles Crumb's first self-published comic book (from 1958), the origins of *Fritz the Cat*, and the legendary "Treasure Island Days."



Subscriptions available! *The Complete Crumb Comics* will be the most extensive reprinting ever devoted to a single cartoonist. Three volumes are scheduled per year, with the full series expected to exceed 20 volumes! Subscriptions to the first three volumes are now available at the rate of \$35.00, postpaid. The first volume, scheduled for July release, is available for \$11.95 + \$2.00 postage and handling.

☐ Send me the first volume of *The Complete Crumb Comics*; I've enclosed \$13.95.

☐ Send me the next first three volumes of *The Complete Crumb Comics* as they come out; I've enclosed \$35.00.

Send to: PANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301

You must be at least 18 years old to order *The Complete Crumb Comics*.

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city \_\_\_\_\_

state \_\_\_\_\_

zip \_\_\_\_\_

# JOURNALS

Summer was new and Wolverine MacAlistaire, who had had a fair intolerable winter felt it through to his marrow.



In the Michigan Territories, weather was as changeable as a man's mind, so it was best to enjoy the good as it came. The warm wind tasted like adventure...



And quickened through his veins like wine...



He found spoor that morning...  
a plump and goodly skunk from  
the look of it. Now skunk was  
not his favorite flesh...

But it was a good  
day for a hunt.

...and he was  
hungry.

He trailed the skunk  
through the cooling  
day... as white clouds  
turned to grey...

and grey to black.  
He could smell the  
water in the air

would wash  
the signs.

He kept to a straight  
line... reluctant to  
give up his prey.

**CRACK BOOM!**



The lightning was drifting  
towards him...striking at  
random....

Suddenly, static ran  
along his arms...ozone  
burned his throat....

He had to find a low  
shelter, quick!



It was the  
skunk's lair. tiny, sharp  
claws that could scoop out his  
eyes.

He shoved into the log,  
pinning his arms. It was  
dark and stifling...mucky  
with rot...and another  
smell....



Then the bolt hit...



...and so did the skunk.

He came to himself just before twilight...  
the rain had washed the charred wood off him.



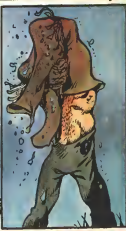
There was some pain...it proved  
he was alive.



And he could see. He had  
both eyes and all his  
particulars intact.



He stood in his soggy  
leathers...and relished  
being alive.



The warm wind's would dry him...  
he danced naked in the sunset  
like a free man.



But he still smelt like  
a skunk.

## KEVIN EASTMAN AND PETER LAIRD

It's the kind of story you expect to see on a matchbook cover. Two young University of Massachusetts graduates pooled the money they made on their paper route (well, actually, tax refunds), plus a \$700 loan from an uncle, and published a comic book called *Tenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*. Oh, how the scotties did scoff and the mockers did mock. "Get a horse!" they said. "It'll never get off the ground!" they said. And yet the scotties turned to gasps of wonderment as the two lads' comic became the hottest thing since sliced lava. They started with a press run of 3,000 and ads in *The Comics Journal* (let that be a lesson to you) and the *Buyer's Guide*, and, like *Topy*, it just grew (does anybody actually know who the hell *Topy* was?) until it became *The Third That Ate The Comics Industry*. Perhaps still in shock with this sudden success, the Turtle boys have been among the more reticent about exploring the genre they created. Even so, *Tenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* now sells well in excess of 100,000 copies per issue, first printings or early issues are among the priciest items on the collectors market, the characters have been featured in role-playing games, lead figurines, t-shirts, and Eastman and Laird know how many other merchandising ventures.

## HAROLD GRAY

Herold Gray was born in 1894 in Kanakake, Illinois. After leaving the army, he joined the art department of the *Chicago Tribune* and later became an assistant to Sidney Smith on *The Gumps*. In 1924, Gray proposed a strip called *Little Orphan Annie* to the legendary J.M. Patterson of the *News-Tribune* syndicate. With his usual ecumen, Patterson suggested that Gray change the title character to a girl and call her *Little Orphan Annie*, after a character in a popular poem by James Whitcomb Riley (which the syndicate just happened to own the rights to). For the next 45 years until his death in 1968, Gray kept a massive audience wondering what would happen next. Gray created a vivid cast of characters, the most notable being "Caddy" Warbucks and his mysterious servants Purrab and the Asp (an assassin whose powers were just on the other side of supernatural). Anne appeared in books, records, radio programs, movies, and on every product that could ever find its way into the hands of a child. Though known for his conservative beliefs, Gray showed a sensitivity to ethnic groups rare for his time. *Little Orphan Annie* has the distinction of being the only major strip to go into reruns some time after the death of its creator—a rare admission on a syndicate's part that a property couldn't continue without the man who created it.

A musical version of *Little Orphan Annie* became one of the great stage successes of the '70s (a film version did less well). Later this year, Fantagraphics Books will begin publishing the first complete, sequential reprints of *Annie* strips (several fragmentary or butchered collections have appeared).

## MIKE HOFFMAN

A longtime Associate of Bruce Jones, Mike Hoffman drew stories for *Tested*

*Issues* and *Alien Worlds* in their Pacific incarnations and *Alien Encounters* and *Tales of Terror* in their Eclipse incarnations. He has also contributed to *Steve Bissette's Taboo*. He practices commercial art in Columbia, South Carolina.

## GEORGE KOCHALL

A member of the Wheelie/Hempel Maryland mafia of cartoonists, George Kochall is the co-writer and layout artist on *Risky Dick*, a new release from Asaph's Associated Artists. He's also one of the artists involved in Apple Comic's *Blood of Dracula* series, and his coloring can be found in the pages of fine John Byrne reprints everywhere.

## MICHAEL KRAIGER

No stranger to industrial hell, Michael Kraiger was raised on the outskirts of Cleveland and now lives in Jersey City, minutes away from the setting of *Zone*. He earns his keep doing illustrations and comp work for ad agencies, but is planning to do more comics work. *Zone*, which appeared in *Threat*, from Fantagraphics Books, is his first extended comics series.

## DON LOMAX

Don Lomax's work has appeared in just about every independent comics venue worth talking about. He did the Raul the Cat back-up strip with Alan Moore in *American Flogg*, inked "The Black Flame" (go ahead, you try it), and drew a *Twisted Tale* or two for *Pacific Comics* in the days when there was a *Pacific Comics*. His work has also appeared in such national magazines as *Heavy Metal*, *Car Toons*, *Easy Rider* and other motorcycle magazines. His current *Captain Cheese* strip and upcoming *Vladimir* Journal book are both published by a company called Apple, even though it is neither a computer nor a Beatles album.

## TOM LUTH

He's in Europe now, but when he comes back he'll be one of the most demanded colorists in the business again. This is his third appearance in these pages.

## WILLIAM MESSNER-LOERS

William Messner-Loebs draws the *American Frontier* as if he lived on it. In addition, he's collaborated with Michael T. Gilbert on *Mr. Monster* and is scripting *Jonny Quest* for *Comico*, which is a dreary job for people who were a certain age at a certain time. He is also drawing a series for DC's *Wasteland* anthology. The *Wolverine McAlister* saga that started in *Journey* is currently continuing with *Wardrums*.

## JIM ROHN

Jim Rohn was raised in the Chicago area and was active in comics fandom since the onset of puberty. He did his first professional work for *Pacific Comics* (was a kind of nostalgic ring to it now, doesn't it?) and DC's *House of Mystery*. His first extended series was the *Holo Brok*, which appeared in the ill-fated *Threat* and is scheduled to have its own book later this year from Upshot. Rohn and Dave Harrison are currently either in the middle of or finishing up (depending on when this issue finally gets out) on the four-issue series *Battle to the Death* from *Eternity*.

## NED SONNTAG

Ned Sonntag was active in underground comics in the late '60s and early '70s, collaborating with Jay Kinney on the popular *Young Lust* series and *Occult Laff Periods*. He was a regular in the *National Lampoon*-inspired humor magazines *Apple Pie*, *Harpoon*, and *Interdimensional Insanity*. In 1975 he began a six-year stint at Marvel, starting with production work and eventually doing features for *Gray* and *Howard* the Duck magazine. For the last couple of years he's been working for King Features Syndicate, doing style guides and character drawings for the merchandising department, most recently the ubiquitous *Betty Boop* and the soon-to-be-ubiquitous *Howdy Dood*. He continues to work on his long-threatened graphic novel, *The Glistening Skyline of Maproot*.

## BHOB STEWART

Bhob Stewart recently co-designed the computer graphics seen in the "Discovery" line of educational software from World Book. One of the discs in the series for the IBM PC Jr. received five citations of "outstanding" from *Electronic Learning* magazine. He is also the editor of the forthcoming *Focus On Wallace Wood*, to be published later this summer by the ubiquitous *Fantagraphics* Books.

## TOM SUTTON

Tom Sutton has been through the mill. In fact, he has hanging around when they built some of it. His work has appeared in *Dr. Strange*, *Starlord*, *Ghost Rider*, *Hot Brand Echo*, *Wampire Tales*, *Wierlock*, *Planet of the Apes*, *Werewolf by Night*, *G.I. Combat*, and every horror book Charlton ever did. He is currently penciling *Star Trek* for DC.

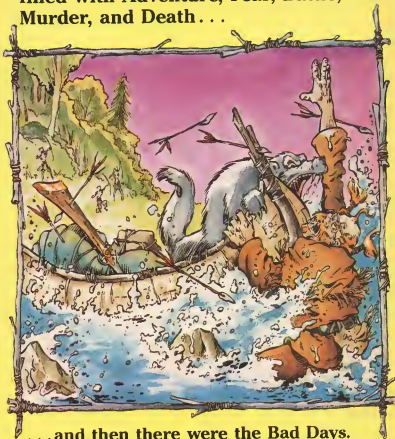
## ALEC STEVENS

Alec Stevens is a largely self-taught artist, whose passions range from painting and comics narrative to prose, poetry, and music. Artists he admires include Edward Munch, Egon Schiele, Gustav Klimt, and George Grosz. He's been known to hold forth on the subject of comics as a legitimate art form. (And how.) His work is regularly on display in *Prime Cuts*. He's not in this issue of *Anything Goes*, but he did appear in #4, and we forgot to put him in the "Whole Who" section there. Our apologies.

# NEXT ISSUE

A science fiction story by MIKE HOFFMAN and STUART HOPKIN, a horror tale by TOM SUTTON, a page of daisies by DALE LUCIANO, a page of alphabetical amusement by MARK MARTIN, GEORGE METZGER on those nutty comics fans, stories from MATT HONNORTH and EDDIE CAMPBELL; all of this is in crisp black-on-white, with the polychromatic exception of SWAN SAKAI's *Usagi Yajima* cover painting. On sale in no, you probably wouldn't believe it anyway, would you?

**Life on the Michigan frontier was filled with Adventure, Fear, Battle, Murder, and Death...**



**...and then there were the Bad Days.**

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